THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL,

Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

To a Friend in Williamsport.

Many a burst of loud applause
Has thrilled my heart far less
Than your gentle calm farewell—
With a wish for my "success."
I know not why my heart
Was thus so deeply stirred,
By the kindness of a stranger,
And the magic of a word.

Yet my spirit walks more firmly
The path it walked before;
And the memory of those words
Will cheer me evermore—
For I read in those deep eyes of thine,
A noble mind within,
Whose earnest warm approval,
It were well worth the toil to win.

My noon of life is passing,
And thine is on the wane—
And this side the shadowy valley,
We may not meet again.
Yet we may hope to meet
In our Father's home of bliss,
When the earnest toil of life
Has won for us "success"

EMI B. SWANK.

For The Lily.

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY META MILWOOD.

I have gained the prize, mother! exclaimed Annie Blane, as she laid a beautiful bound volume of Mrs. Heman's Poems on her mother's lap, while an animated glow lit up her usually pale and wan countenance. Look mother! Is it not a nice book? And Miss Sheldon says the poems are of the highest order. O! I am so anxious to read them; I will make haste to get my work done to night, so that I can make a beginning: Do you think father will be at home early to night, Mother? No, dear, I think he will not, replied Mrs. Blane, as she impressed a kiss upon the fair brow of her darling child, while the deep fountains of mingled love and grief rose unbidden from the depths of her heart and fell in gushing drops from beneath her eyelids. No, Annie, he will not come to night; and you shall have the pleasure of enjoying the prize which your persevering industry has so justly merited. I shall not need any tea to night, and you may prepare some bread and milk for yourself and brothers, after which you can read while the light of the day lasts.

Why do we not have lamps, mother? Asked little George—Mrs. Carlton has such splendid ones, [illegible] when I went there to inquire for father, and I did not find him in the bar room, so I went across the great hall into another room thinking he might be there. And there was Mrs. Carlton dressed so nice, and Lucy reading by one of those great lamps. And, O! so *many fine things* as I saw in that room. Come here George! said Annie, interupting him, (for she saw by the expression of pain and anguish upon the countenance of her mother, that the artless tale of the child had aroused the deep seated sorrow of her heart.) Come and call Willie and James and we will have some nice bread and milk for our supper. Mother, she continued, wishing to divert the current of her thought from their channel of grief, I really think some of the girls envied me to day; I heard Mary Grant say, as I came out: Who would have thought it; and she tossed her head disdainfully. I know she expected to get the prize, but she has not studied so hard as I have, and I could not help feeling a little proud; for she has often taunted me with being poor, and—a deep sigh from her mother, checked her further utterance, and quickly going up to her, she put her arms around her neck and enquired affectionately if she was sick. No, dearest, I am only a little overcome just now; I will lie down a few moments and then I shall perhaps feel better. Mrs. Blane retired to her room.—Poor and wretched indeed was the place, and but for its extreme neatness could hardly be said to bear any marks of civilization. A straw matrass lay upon a low coarse bedstead; three or four chairs which bore the marks of violence, a rough chest, a trunk, and the remains of what had once been some elegant window hangings, completed the furniture of this wretched apartment. But desolate as was the room, it was not to be compared with the utter desolation which reigned in the bosom of its occupant. That pale delicate and heart stricken woman, who sought to recline her weary limbs on that miserable pallet of straw, was once the favored child of affluence. And as she lay there and gave vent to the troubled waters of her wounded spirit; what wonder that the past came up in full perspective before her? The happy days of childhood, when scarce a thought was repressed, or a wish ungratified, and no clouds intervened to obscure the brightness of her horizon, was followed by the still brighter vision of youthful days so full of *hope*, of *joy*, of *love*. She remembered how, in the guileless simplicity and trusting confidence of youth, she had yielded up her hearts best treasures; the pure affection of her nature, to one who she esteemed "*little* lower than the angels." One who sought her as he would a priceless gem for the value. And laid his rich trophies of worldly wealth and honor at her feet. The blessings of her parents upon her union, and the first happy days and months of wedded life, were before her. And then came the hour of *anguish*, of *bitter sorrow* when she first learned that the companion of her bosom was faithless to his trust. That the husband of her affections was wedded to his cups. In quick succession she retraced each scene of trial, of humiliation, of abuse to which she had been subjected; occasionally interspersed by temporary reforms, and occasional repentings by him who was the sole cause of her misery, and to whom she still clung in spite of his abuse. She saw her husband's business neglected.—Her beautiful home, with all its appendages, sold to satisfy the demands of his creditors, and then her removal to a distant and comparatively obscure village, where one after another of the articles of her costly furniture passed into the hands of the rum seller, until naught remained but a few articles of plate which she had contrived to conceal and the little cottage which she had purchased being the gift of her father, and which the laws of the State humanely gave her a right to hold in her own name, while they gave the sole control of it to the form of humanity she called husband and to whom also they gave the power to rob her of her daily wages and the common necessaries of life to gratify his beastly appetite. Robert Blane's downward career had been rapid. Naturally possessed of an active, energetic spirit, and a sensitive regard for the good opinions of others, he had nevertheless yielded to the temptations of a vicious appetite and evil influences, and when once fallen and degraded, had rushed madly into the vortex of ruin. In vain did the gentle and loving wife remonstrate; in vain his innocent and once darling babes plead with him to return to the fire-side and be the kind loving parent he had once been. He imagined an expression of scorn and contempt bent upon him from the eyes of every lover of justice and purity whom he met, and shrunk with dread from such encounters, while the tempting signs placarded upon the posts of those sinks of infamy, which graced the corners of almost every highway and by-way, seemed beconing him to enter and drown his sense of shame in the lethean draughts of the intoxicating bowl. At first he had expended only his own property, and when this was gone, for a time had engaged in business sufficient barely to supply the demands of his appetite, but of late even this had been relinquished and he who once prided himself on his "sacred honor," and looked with disdain on a mean and dishonest action, now found no means of duplicity too low for his use. He commenced it first by stealthily robbing his wife of her most valuable articles of household furniture, and from this had gone so far as to steal from her own pocket her earnings The costly lamps on Mrs. Carlton's table which little George had innocently referred too, had been the gift of her mother, and prized as a fond token of remembrance, until abstracted from her room one day during her temporary absence and transfered to the land-lord of a public house in payment of a liquor bill, which he had no means of liquidating. Their fate she had learned from a near neighbor, Mrs. Gibbon's, who frequently washed for Mrs Carlton. "Lordy" said she, "I dunno how ye can stand it any how, I've had a hard row sure enough to hoe, but it don't begin with yourn. My old man duz all he kin, but he's been a cripple there twenty years, and I'm willin to put up with most anything, and do any way to please him. But when I sees a man like Blane with *talons* and *disabilities* to maintain his wife as she desarves to be—like a Lady—making a dumb beast of himself, and comin home ither dead drunk or as cross as a lion. I jest feel as though a cowhidin would'nt be any too good for him. And

then to see Carlton's wife and that stuck up gall of hern paradin round with your things on. Lord Hanny, if you wasnt the patientest critter in the world you'd yest gin him a dif now an then with th› polree or broome stick yest for revenge. I'd du it, I'll warrant ye." But Mrs. Blane had other griefs more poignant than these. Open abuse from her husband was becoming more and more frequent, and of late she had been obliged more than once to interpose her own person to shield her little ones from his violence. Towards Annie more particularly was his drunken hate manifested. The lively sympathy of the child for her abused parent and sensitive shrinking at his approach, was not unnoticed by him, and added fuel to his burning rage. Yet though removed a distanee of five hundred miles from the home of her childhood, and her numerous friends, and living without any kindred near, except the dear stricken brood that sheltered themselves beneath her wings.

Mrs. Blane had yet one souree of comfort aside from the consolations of religion which were her's. Her letters from her friends containedfrequent remittances of money, out of which she managed to keep her children neatly clothed and sent them to school. These letters which, through the kindness of the Post Master, were transmitted to her without the knowledge of her husband contained also assurances that the doors of the paternal mansion were open to receive herself and children whenever she should feel it her *duty* to leave him who had so cruely violated every principle of honor, been false to his marriage vow, indeed become a fiend instead of a husband.—She had fully resolved never to do this while there was any hope of his reformation, but now hope had nearly died in her heart for his pledges had so often been broken, and on that morning he had descended lower than ever she had known him before. Having arisen before she was awake and taken a half dollar which little George had worn from school about his neck as a token from his teacher that he stood at the head of his class—and which the little fellow had proudly suspended by its string from the ceiling—he had gone directly to a low grocery, where Mrs. Gibbons had told her she had seen him about noon as she returned from her work "drinking and swearing."—She knew that this would be sufficient to keep him there for one night at least, and it was this knowledge that called forth the assurance that she gave Annie that her father would not return that night. As all these reflections passed through the mind of Mrs. Blane; one deep burst of inward agony found vent in her bosom, and then all was calm; wearied nature gave way and she slept. Annie looked in upon her mother and seeing her quiet, stepped noislessly about the house and arranged her little work and then seating herself at the window, soon became aosorbed in her book of poems. Their touching pathos and sweet melancholy diffused throngh the writings of the gifted and heart-sorrowing anthoress, awakened a response in her young heart—already matured by sorrow—and she drank in eagerly each thought and sentiment until the waning light reminded her that the hour of repose drew nigh.—Calling her brothers from their play, she brought water for them to bathe their little wearied feet, and going with them to their lone chamber, she remained outside until she had heard them repeat the prayers their mother had taught them. Then looking in and bidding them a good night, sought her mother's room. She found her still asleep.—For a few minutes she stood by the bedside and by the pale twilight, contemplated her faded and wasted form, while the tears fell thick and fast upon its coverings. Then hastily wiping them away, she gently awakened her and assisted her to undress, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, with a hasty good night and a noiseless step she sought her own little bed and strove to sleep.—She remembered that her teacher had commissioned her to do an errand the next morning at the house of the clergyman, who lived in a distant part of the village, and she must necessarily rise early, but the events of the day crowded with such force upon her mind that sleep nature's balmy restorer, long fled from her wooing, and the morning light found her feverish and unrefreshed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Lily.

Putnam's Monthly on Woman's Rights.

"Putnam is for reform. Putnam is for progress."

This is the language of Putnam in his February number for 1856, in regard to woman's rights. The heading of the article is, "A word for woman's rights."

His reader's have not probable forgotten his exhibition of himself a few months since, upon the same subject. Between the two exhibitions, there is a striking contrast. In the former he appeared in big-wig, gold-headed cane and shovel hat. We paid our respects to them, through the columns of the Lily. At that time he was an autocrat of the old school, dug up from the alluvial depositions of ages. No one of the present generation, young or old, could boast recollection of such a *living* creature. As might have been expected, he threw himself on his reserved dignity, stale with the mould of time. He designed no discussion, but relied upon pre-rogative to repel aggression. He barely stooped to notice. It was just a dignified shake of the cards. There was a magisterial twirl of the gold-headed cane—a significant nod of the shovel hat;—he turned up his nose and was oracular. A few months only have joined the ranks of oblivious time, and what a change! To use his own, not delicate, but expressive language, he finds himself in "a position hardly less ridiculous, and not at all less embarrassing than that of a short-tailed bull in fly time."

We thank him for the admission. It is frank, if not manly. We thank him for the language.—It is graphically correct, but should have been accompanied with a wood-cut. Without one, we fear that his condition will not be fully appreciated. He must be excusable for lamentation.—Picture to your mind's eye, the bob-tail condition he represents himself to be in, and entertain other feelings than pity, if you can. Truly, he is beyond the bourne of suffering, where silence is a virtue.

In casting around for materials of consolation, he says: "Sixty or seventy years ago, scarcely anything was so much talked of as the rights of man I played a great part in the American revolution." This, he charges to have been pseudo-philanthropy, or the unmeaning cant of a false humanity. And as proof of his assertion, he introduces the fact that the rights of man have ceased to be the common subject of discussion. From that he reasons, that because complaint has ceased, after the cause has been removed, therefore the complaint itself was a false pretense, or at least a fashionable humbug. Yet he concludes that the organic laws of most of our States, recognize as their foundation, the rights of man; and that this has been the practical result of the theoretical and practical discussion of that subject, by the theoretical and practical actors of the American revolution.

Having shown his heartlessness to human rights, even of the male gender, he proceeds to discuss, in the same mood, the more modern turn of that question, distinguished as woman's rights. He begrudgingly admits that "the cry" has not been without reason: and that it has been attended by a moral effect, not merely upon manners and society, but also upon laws. Avowing Putnam to be for woman's rights, acknowledging to that agitation unprecedented success, he still exhibits a splenetic bearing, lacking alike in good nature and common sense. Boasting of progressive tendencies and arrogating the need of a reform, he yet bends the knee with devotional alacrity to the old English common law, and apparently laments that society has refined itself out of that system These laments are labeled "hints to our legislators," and really present curious specimens of pevishness and folly, compounded of about equal parts.

He depicts with apparent relish, how the English common law made the husband the guardian and master of the wife, because, as he has it, by the same law "he was liable for her debts and her crimes." This is wonderfully logical consistency he professes so much to admire in that ancient system. And his "hints" to legislators are nothing more, than that they shall remember to relieve the husband from this liability whenever they allow the wife to stand forth in society free, instead of bound.

It is plain that all his anticipated vexations are the result of starting off wrong end foremost. Like a nervous invalid who has put out of bed the wrong foot first in the morning, everything goes sinister through the day. Had he seen the husband's responsibility for the wife's acts to be the legal sequence to his chattel ownership of her, instead of the reverse, as he has seen it; it would have saved him the troublesome aspect. He would have found as little of wonderful consistency in the old system to marvel about, as of apprehensions that the crudities of the old might inadvertently be continued to the new. Holding that the owner is liable for all injuries caused by his unruly animals, presents no evidence of superior wisdom, for that has been so wherever society has been sufficiently advanced to recognize the idea of individual property. And all the tokens of super-excellence apparent in the common law treatment of the wife, were embodied in the fact that it classed her among the animals, the property of which was in the husband.—That being so, that he should be responsible for her actions as for his horse or his ox, was in no respect anomalous. It was an obvious and common sense sequence. Now the woman's rights agitators make war on this rule of classifying the wife among the husband's animals, and Putnam has no doubt they will succeed. But he is afraid that while our lawmakers are humanising woman out of the cattle yard, they will strangely forget to release man from his cattle responsibilities as to her, and the poor creature will suffer for her torts without the power to muzzle or fetter!

He makes another point, in about the same spirit, and fully equal in peevishness and folly, with the addition of the most libertine view of the social relations. It is this: that our laws are wrong in recognizing any precontract of marriage. In other words, that it is wrong to hold man liable for breach of promise of marriage. He leaves us to infer that he thinks differently as to woman, by expressly confining his fault finding to the other sex. And we certainly have no right to infer that he is so grossly ignorant as to suppose that our laws discriminate between man and woman as to the validity of marriage precontracts. His reasons are three fold! First, he asserts that our suits of breach of marriage are derived from the Canon law, and hence should be odious. It is a sufficient answer to this, that it is both false in fact and trivial in logical consequence.

Second, he claims that our courts are in the habit of finding such contracts upon insufficient proofs. As the same rules of evidence are applied to all other contracts, how does he stop short in his legal reform, without going in for denying validity to all contracts.—It is a sufficient reason to abolish all laws and obligations, that our tribunals which are to enforce them are fallible!

So far his objections are more puerile than wicked. But when we come to the third as we classify, the same remark will not hold true. His proposition is that the man should not be liable to fulfill his promise to marry, nor liable for not fulfilling, because it is possible he may not love; and as that cannot be known to any one save himself, human laws should ignore the contract. We ought perhaps to give more fully his reasoning upon the point. This is it *verbatim*: "A promise

to marry carries with it the implied resolution that he who promises shall continue to love. The promise is not, and is not understood to be, either by him who makes, or she who receives it, a promise merely to assume the legal responsibility of marriage; it is a promise to assume the moral and sentimental respon sibilities also. And if by change of circumstances, or change of mind, it has become impossible to fulfil one part of the promise, if it is impossible to love, the whole necessarily falls to the ground." With this line of reasoning fully carried out, it will be difficult to see where he is to stop short of the *free-love* doctrine of recent notoriety. It is in fact the same, with only a more limited application.

The ethics of this doctrine, he gives to us in these words: "No man is held to be under any moral obligation to pay his debts, any further than he has the means to pay."—From this as a ruling principle, he reasons and makes out to his satisfaction, that a man is under no moral obligation to do a thing which he has contracted to do, if it so be, that he is not disposed to do it. And consequently the promisee has no moral claim, and should have no legal one, to acquire of him fulfilment, or damages for non-fulfiment, no matter to how great extent the promisee may have been the sufferer. With such a standard of morality, it is not difficult to sanction almost any practise, which is viscious and absurd. It is in fact assuming that there is no such thing on earth as virtue and morality, and never should be. It would leave all human actions to the guidance of individual caprices. We shall not now discuss such a rule. It would be necessarily assuming that men are morally more degraded than any one ever declared them to be since the general deluge. If Putnam desires any such a point in the treaty of commerce and unity between man and woman, he should first go for an equality of representation in the convention which is to settle it. SENEX.

For The Lily.

IS SOCIETY RIGHT!

(CONCLUDED)

Such a law would be an anomaly, if found among the wildest Savages in America; to think that a mother should be required to give security that she will not waste the property of her own children. Ah yes! children that she is willing to guard with her life; while all experience shews that a mother is willing to make *every* sacrifice, to insure the comfort of her children.

Yet such is required of the mothers of this land; while the fathers that survive take all, and no questions asked, no bond required of him, he is considered safe, *even very safe*; notwithstanding he may get drunk three times a week, and is the veriest loafer in the community, all this is of non effect when urged against him, for he's the "head of the family," he counts himself the "stronger vessel;" he is capable of managing an estate; all these things are a credited to fathers. It might be remembered, that many fathers after their wives die, and no more controled by that next to heavens influence (a wife's influence,) squander their estate, an estate that in the main was acquired and kept together, by the frugality and privations of a wife and mother.

We are of that class of men that look upon women, as something more than *mere things*, we would be sorry to look upon them as some men do, the "weaker vessel," a thing for domestic use. Some men truly degenerate the origin from whence they sprang, by *trying* (for that's all they can do,) to make women inferior to man; such look upon themselves as high and lifted up, and think they would be degraded, if put upon a level with women; mistaken mortals, all such have to do to place themselves as low as they can in the estimation of *noble men*, is to kill their mothers and then die.

Let us now briefly look at some of the evil that arise out of the fact of women being kept in a state of vassalage a state in which they are deprived of many of their rights.

Then it is a fact that no one will deny that lays any claim to the doctrine of "general intelligence," that women now enjoy many rights and privileges, which but a few hundred years ago, they were denied the enjoyment of entirely.

We have only to look back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to learn that women then were as completely under the control of the husband as the vereist slave; the husband could whip them, and had a right so to do, if he saw proper; women could be given in marriage to any one to whom the father saw proper, without their consent, no education was allowed to them, none of the colleges of learning, at that age, were open to them. but on the contrary, women were kept back, and recognised and looked upon as an inferior to man.

But how is it at the present age? Is not the fact as clear as the noon-day sun, that the law and society have changed within the last two hundred years, as to womens rights and privileges? most assuredly they have.

Man now has no right to use the rod of correction on his wife, and if he was to, the feelings of the community would be so outraged, that he would be dealt with, summarily, without judge or jury; nor can a father give his daughter in marriage and force her in the matter, contrary to her concent and will; nor can women be kidnapped with impunity, as they could in former days.

The fact is they have more rights, and enjoy greater privileges than they did in bygone days; and this argues that as civilization advances, and as mankind become better versed in the doctrines of civil society, that womens rights will be enlarged, their privileges increased, until at last, when human government has arrived at that stage, that the divine law intended it should, then women and mens rights will be considered as the same. We say progress for the last two hundred years proves that eventually women will, by the march of intellect, attain to all the rights that nature has fitted her to enjoy, and that it was the intention she should.

When we see what women was, in the dark ages, and then realise what she is now, we cant help but see, that at a day not very distant, women in rights will be man's equal, and that men will be as ready then to acknowledge it as women are now to ask it; and we have no doubt but such a result will be a great blessing to mankind.

But again. That mankind is better in their social condition, by the sphere of momen's rights being enlarged, is a fact susceptable of demonstration; in fact it is acknoweldged, that the women who enjoy the most rights, exert the greatest influence in the community, and that influence is for the good of society.

How could it be otherwise, when women is placed upon an even scale with man as to rights. When women are raised to the same elevation then her intellectual culture will be attended to, and cared for, by the society at large, with the same interest that man's are; then our institutions of learning will be open and free of access to both male and female, then women's minds will be improved equally with mens—and who can doubt what the effect will be on society?

Women have the training of the young mind, at a time when it is more susceptible of impression than at any other period in life.

Then how important that she should be highly cultivated, both morally and intellectually; and how can this be done, how can women be prepared to discharge the great and responsible duties that devolve upon her as wife and mother, without all facilities for improvement are allowed her? And this can only be done by allowing her all the rights and privileges, and also all the encouragement that can be enjoyed in society.

What a monstrous idea it is, to think that men can be found who are trying to deprive the women, the mothers of all men, of the rights and privileges that they enjoy and hold as dear as life.

But further, the worst effect, or one of the worst that arises from the enequality of the rights of husband and wife, is this: Men are to prone to look upon themselves as superiors, they call themselves the "head of the family," and this idea has got *ground* into the minds of too many, that a wife is a kind of appendage to *his* household, a something belonging to *him*, this idea is rife in the land, and such a thought has the direct tendency to lessen the influence that a wife should, and were it not for such sentiment, would exercise over the husband.

Woman is not looked upon as being a co-wor ker with man, the fact is lost sight of, that neither is capable of fulfilling the destiny assigned without the co-labour of the other; women is thought not to be a being of as high destiny as man, on the contrary, she is looked upon, and recognized as an inferior in the scale of creation, and hence not entitled to as many rights. Now such views have a tendency to lessen mans opinion of her, and hence the fact, that he has from the beginning, dominerred over her, and more from ignorance than anything else, her worth was never realized or it would not have been so. But we are glad to see mens mind gradually begin to clear of the mist of superstition, and to take a more exalted and manlike stand.

Men are now found that look upon women as an equal, a being in which he can find a responsive sentiment to every feeling of his heart, a being with a like destiny of himself, a being able to counsel as well as be counselled, a being with a soul like-unto his own, a being that can be moved by sympathy, and one who can minister consolation to the deep sorrows of the heart—such a being a *man* can love, cherish and feel for, as one heart can feel for another that is kindred to it—and when *all* men learn the great fact, that women was designed to *walk by the side* of man, occupy the place of *equal*—then will they be better and more happy than now. O. O. O.

For The Lily.

Human Rights, No. 2d.

REPLY TO OBJECTION.

3d. If "it is necessary for him to provide for her," it is because she receives no compensation for her labors.

It is worth as much for a woman to perform a certain amount of labor, that it is for a man; and she ought to receive the same wages;—or, if she were rewarded for all her toil, she could amply support herself, and accumulate something besides, Therefore it is not necessary that he should use her property for her support. It is a false pretense, and those who make the assertion know it.

4th. "Laboring women have enough to do to attend to the family concerns."

I admit that they have, and more too, if you would fain make them servants of the lords of creation. But she whose husband considers her a reasonable being; endowed by her Creator with the same inalienable rights with himself; who has confidence in her as a counsellor, companion, and friend, and who is willing that she should participate with him, in all that is calculated to enlighten and elevate mankind, can find time to store her mind with useful knowledge, by which she can assist to ameliorate the condition of humanity, and whose influence will be enstamped upon succeeding generations, and tell upon the future destinies of the world.

5th. Some people have a singular idea of what constitutes "an accomplished lady." If it requires those modern characteristics which make them mere parlor toys; surely any woman of sense would wish to be excused from such a ladyship.

Alas! for those poor helpless creatures, who "do not want to trouble their heads" about any thing that tends to freedom, morality, virtue, and religion. Thus they live, and pass away, without being any benefit to themselves or others.

I ask for no better proof of mental depravity, than that "they do not get half time enough to read their novels." They should have said, to read half of their novels.

I care not for their opinions of what is "masculine and disgusting." I have seen enough of false modesty.

Finally, our opponents overturn their whole arguments, by asserting a positive falsehood; that "they have already more rights than the men;" and then saying that "the laws are right enough as they are." A. M. SMITH.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., MARCH 15, 1856.

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A. W. Sanders; Cata W. Allen; N. J. Kellam; Aurora B. Coats; Mary J. Thomas; Lizzie Zollar; Margaret Newton; Rebecca V. Carr; Sarah I Penfield; Jane V. V. Hull; H. W. Morse; Matilda Bartlett; M. M. Stevenson; Mary F. Thomas; V C Evans; Emi B. Swank; Mary Ann Petty; V Manning; Sarah Carroll; Lucy B. Moon; D. W. C. Dickinson; A. G. Clark.

Winter,

Somehow has gotten to be a solemn institution with us. The March sun, though, has a clear steady eye, and his sky is blue as summer's. The snow mantle still lays in spotless purity o'er hill and vale protecting the blade and the bulb from the driving winds, and the snow-birds chirp still around the doors, picking the crumbs and tiny morsels of food. The coming of Spring reign is somewhat like the battles truth has ever to encounter e'er it finds its acknowledged ascendency. The cold and snow like erroneous customs have possession, and so fast strong and immoveable. The gentle vernal winds and sun, like the steady firm tread of Truth, have a nobility of innate right, which of itself will quietly move forward to the possession, not because the enemy has small strength, but because he lacks the necessary life-current, right.

The wind and the pelting storm try our nerves and temper. When we have our natural power to combat them, they make our muscle tougher and clear the brain of the miasma of false feelings generated over our air-tight stoves and weak literature. They bring out the sterling feeling of sympathy with our kind and make us know of a truth how *human all are*, and how needful of each others aid and brotherhood. Who after buffeting the wild winds that rock the oaks, could ask the washerwoman, dependent on her daily wages for her daily bread and homely clothing, to take for her wages some half worn collars, ribbons or other discarded finery? Who that has looked o'er the broad earth and noted its amplitude and vast variety, could doze out, grudgingly, to the workwoman her ample pay?

The good out-of-doors air has many capital qualities, but *short* visits, and flying ones are best, such seasons as this.

Lucy Stone.

We are pleased to learn, as we do through our private correspondence, of the pleasure everywhere given by this lady in her late lecturing tour.

Cate W. Allen, Oakland Ohio, a most estimable friend to all the oppressed, writes us they attended three of her lectures, on Woman's Rights; one at Paintersville, and two at Wilmington. "Who," says she, "can listen to such soul-stirring speeches and not feel better?"

C. M. Price—Write again. Such wholesome truth is what we wish.

The Indiana Farmer.

Do our western friends know what an excellent Ladies' Department Mrs. Margaret J. Newton fits in this journal? We earnestly recommend the Farmer to those of our readers who are selecting a Farmer's paper. It is published semi-monthly in this city, by Mrs. M. J. Newton, Price $1 per annum; 5 copies $4; 9 copies $6.

We would invite, also, for Mrs. Newton, contributions for her department, from our thinking and writing ladies. She has been very generous formerly in contributing her excellent and beautiful thoughts for the benefit of others; may she now find many as prompt to co-operate with her, in her editorial duties. The Farmer has a good circulation and is an excellent medium for communicating whatever pertains to the advancement of education, health and happiness of the Home circle. Whatever is calculated to enoble, dignify and enrich the home circle, and occupations And this is a sphere of incalculable usefulness and beauty.

In the following language of Gov. Wright:

"The *family* being a divine institution, the sentiment and the affection upon which it is based are innate in man. Hence its universality. No merely human institution, however perfect, can take its place. Directly or indirectly, almost all great and good men have been indebted, for their beneficient power and influence, to the early teachings of parents and the genial nurture of home. Above all nations, we should cherish the family relations. The influence of home was the inspiration that swelled the great hearts of our fathers for the struggle which has given freedom to their sons; and we will fail to transmit the boon to our descendants, if we enlist not for its preservation the helps by which it was originally won. If all homes could be made pleasant, and all family relations fraternal, kind and pure, society would lose its hypocrisy and guile, and manhood, actuated by true Christian charity, would move steadily on, from triumph to triumph, towards the perfection of the imtellectual and moral nature of man.

That spirit of industry, investigation and enterprise, that has been awakened at your township, county and State fairs, competition for premiums on household fabrics, and on prodocts of the dairy, the farm, and the shop, may be justly regarded as a link in the chain of home education; and this is a very proper direction for things to take at this perion in our history.

At the base of the property of any people lies, this great principle—*Make labor fashionable at home.* Educate, instruct, encourage; and offer all the incentives you can offer, to give interest and dignity to labor at home. Enlist the heart and the intellect of the family in the support of a domestic system that will make labor attractive at the homestead. By means of the powerful influence of early home education, endeavor to invest practical labor with an interest that will cheer the heart of each member of the family; and thereby you will give to your homestead the grace, peace, refinement, and attraction which God designed a home should possess.

The truth is, we must talk more, think more work more, and ACT more in reference to questions relating to HOME.

WOMEN AS SCULPTORS.—A girl may shape vases in clay quite as easily as flowers in needle-work or tapestry. And why not? Some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient and modern art come to us in this form and of these rude materials. The art is an exquisite one, and should commend itself especially to the women of our country. The notion that working in clay or marble is unfitted for a female hand or genius, is pure absurdity. The labor is not drudgery—it is art, rather than labor, that is needed for it, and it is one of those arts which may give exercise to many others. The Vase, beautifully wrought, into a noble and classic form, may be covered with exquisite landscapes, to which the baking process will almost ensure, while the vessel remains unbroken, eternal duration. To encourage the timid ambition, we may mention that one of the European princesses of the present day, has acquired high distinction among living sculptors for her achievements in marble.—*W. Gilmore Simms.*

For The Lily.

Practical Religion.

The world needs practical religion. Mere theorists in religion, though multitudinous as the inhabitants of the earth, can never relieve the world of its burden of sin. Workers—earnest, self-sacrificing, heaven inspired workers are needed to forward the great reformation. Workers, who are living for a nobler end than their own individual good, and who, while securing their own salvation, are living a life of usefulness to their fellow men. The world is drooping—morally drooping under the reign of theoretical religion,—that religion which claims to teach the highest good, but follows not its own teachings. It wants less of the speculative, and more of that practical religion which gives an actual existence to every contemplated good; more of the exercise of that moral nature, that divine light that descends from heaven and burns on the altar of justice and humanity; that light which alone is able to illume the dark places of the earth, and rekindle in many a living temple, the torches whose flames are fast going out, and going out too, to be lit no more on earth nor yet in heaven.

It is not enough to be pious and benevolent in theory only. Professed religion can never satisfy the soul's wants, nor do the christian's work. There are, in the world, enough *professors* of the religion of christ; but the world greatly needs more of His practical followers. It has enough who profess to know and teach the way to righteousness, but not enough who *lead* the way; enough who have the outward garb of a christian, but not enough who have the indwelling of the divine spirit; enough who see and condemn the ruling sins of the world, but not enough who labor with the ability which God has given, to banish them.

The earth is full of churches and temples; costly temples built by man, in which to worship God; as though God dwelt in temples made by human hands, or was better pleased with hearing His word taught from a gilded pulpit, than in the hovel of poverty. But the earth is also full of other temples—temples framed by the hand of God; but the world in its blind adoration, in its eagerness to worship in its own temples, overlooks these temples of God, these human souls in which he has promised His spirit should swell. It heeds not that the time *now is* when the true worshipers should "worship the Father neither at Jerusalem nor yet in the holy mountain," but in His living temples.

Before the world can exhibit true religion it must pull down these costly temples erected to gratify man's pride, and take their worth and give it to the poor, to those wretched *living* temples who have need of human aid and sympathy. It should take from these pulpits the professed ministers of God and teach them to go and minister to the poor, the suffering, and the oppressed; to follow the example of Christ, by "going about doing good," speaking to desponding hearts, *His* words of comfort, "Let not your heart be troubled," and wherever a living temple is found languishing apply the aid which God has given to build it up. Thus might there be erected countless temples in the name of the living God—temples more lovely and durable than the feeble hands of man could ever frame—temples which shall "shine as the brightness of the firmaments when all of earthly greatness shal have passed away.

Orient, L. I. IRENE.

For The Lily.

The Orphans Complaint.

And can it be true? No! no, the thought is too maddening. That I have no father; I have no home, Oh God! the terror that is in those simple but expressive words. No father, no home. In my early youth stern death made me a desolate orphan, and now no one cares for me. The Autumn winds wail sadly around me, strewing the yellow leaves at my feet; telling me, in mournful words, that the leaves of the forest, like the friends I love, alike repose on the bosom of mother earth. Yet hope whispers that I soon will meet them in a blest abode where the "voice of the oppressor and the sight of the oppressed is never heard." I'll trust in this hope and toil on, battling for the sight.

Oakland, Ohio. HELEN.

Written for the Lily.

Who could not be Happy!

Who could not be happy, when bright Summer with its shady bowers and fields of waving grain, and all the allurements and attractions peculiar to that season of the year, make so sensible an impression upon the mind?

Who could not be happy in Autumn, when the rich harvest is being stored away, to supply the necessities of life. When the leaves of the trees take all the gorgeous tints of the rainbow, quiver for a while in the breeze, then drop to the ground. Thus showing a most beautiful arrangement to minister to the fancy of the observer?

Who could not be happy in winter, when the sleigh-bells gingle; when the frosty air braces up the system and give it vigor and tone; when social parties are rife; when Christmas and New Years come with their many gifts and varied pleasures?

Who could not be happy in Spring, whan all nature is again beginning to revive; when the forest is again being clothed with verdure; when the grass is again making its appearance to cover the meadows and lawns; when the beautiful flowers spring up out of the earth, fling out their petals to the pleasant, balmy sunsaine and fill the air with their sweet aroma?

Who could not be happy, as he gazes upon the starry beavens at the still hour of night? In the language of another, "As we gaze on those bodies, we may suppose them to be one mass of splendor, without rank or order, but when we consider that all those bodies move with the greates accuracy, each having its allot ed sphere and none deviating in the least from its appointed place, if we admired before, we are now filled with wonder and are constrained to cry out· 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handy work'."

When all nature thus unites in proclaiming that this world is not designed as a wilderness of woe, but on the contrary a fit place to spend lifie pleasantly and agreeably. Oh! who could not be happy?

But we see some who are NOT happy. Observe, for instance, that man who is passing along the streets in tattered garment, uncouth, devoid of the principles of cleanliness, and with the red of spirits glowing in his countenance. He is not happy. He is a dupe to *evil* spirits. His credit is lost. His respectability is lost. His family is suffering for the necessary comforts of life. They are beggared and disgraced, and not unfrequently hooted at as the family of a drunkard.

Oh! immagine if you can, the unhappiness of that wife as she toils her life away under these circumstances, in trying to support her family. In discharging those duties properly incumbent upon the husband. Again: notice that widow as her property is taken from her and given to others.—Has she not, under such circumstances, sufferings enough without being deprived of her just rights? Sufferings enough to endure, without taking away her property and leaving her in a penniless? Suffering enough to endure, without being trampled down, nearly on a level with the slave?

We have every reason to believe, that if man would investigate more deeply the principles of his nature, it would conduce materially to his happiness.

There are certain principles from which he cannot vary with impunity.

For example, a non-observer of the laws of health will find a penalty in the pain, sickness and death, that will ultimately follow, as a consequence.

Now, a great amount of misery might here be avoided by a more intimate and extended knowledge of physiology and hygiene, or a proper knowledge of the functions of the various parts of the human organism and the best method of sustaining them in their healthy and normal state.

Again; it is said that man is a social being.—But if so much contention between neighbor and neighbor—between the rich and the poor? Why so much bickering and misunderstanding, acting as exciting causes to disturb and seperate friends; to blast their fondest hopes and deaden their tender affections for each other?

Why is that fond lover's heart broken and the object around which ts every fond affection entwined united to another?

We answer that it results as a shameful abuse of the natural upheavings of man's nature, which instead of thus being abused, should be led forth and developed in accordance with the laws of nature.

When we take into the account every thing that is calculated to disturb man's peace and comfort, we cannot so much wonder that so many spend unhapy lives.

As we observe the various classes of men, we find them eagerly pursuing various phantoms, some of which appear most lovely for a short time but ere long fade and vanish from their sight, leaving them in wretchedness and despair.

As an instance, we see some spending their entire lives in striving to acquire wealth, which when gained, as a general thing, only proves a curse to them and their posterity.

That the principles of life may be more closely studied—that woman may ere long enjoy her just rights—that the temperance cause and phylanthropy may receive additional impetus as the tide of time drives them along, is the desire of your humble correspondent. M. O.

Columbus, O.

For The Lily.

GREENWICH STATION, O., March 10th, '56.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—I have eagerly analyzed the Lily which you sent me from the West, and I shall write it in my literary Herbarian as belonging to Class No. 1, of all the Periodicals which I now read. I sincerely regret that I was not in possession of it long e'er this late day; and how I wish it might bloom in every home in our land, and be a choice exotic in distant lands, scattering renovating, soul-inspiring fragrance over all; exerting such a magic power that the whole world shall wake from its long night of despotism, and a bright day spread its ameliorating beam and gladden every heart. Long enough, has woman been dispossessed of that equality which was at first designed her; let her now, in this day of progress and reform, arouse herself, break every fetter of servile degradation, assert her God given rights, and by the might of her intellect subdue brute force, and reinstate herself in her original purity and equal rights.

Then and not till then shall we see the moral wilderness "bud and blossom as the rose." Then and not till then shall the bright and crystal waters of knowledge and purity send their fertilizing streams through all the world, making it an Eden of moral beauty and intellectual grandeur.

Yours Truly, E. A. FOWLER.

For The Lily.

BY-GONE DAYS.

She who once was gay and fair,
Is wrinkled now, and old with care;
Her form, though once so tall and light,
Is bending now before my sight.

Though summers suns she few has seen,
And scarcely yet has passed her teens,
Yet she seems aged and dead with care,
And silvery is her once brown hair.

Her laughing eye though once so bright,
Has lost its deep and piercing light;
And nothing now will meet your gaze,
But looks that speak of by-gone days.

Yes, days of bitter grief and care,
Enough to crush the proud and fair;
Oh! cruel are the laws that bind,
Hopeful, trustful, woman-kind.

Copley, NELIE B——.

A rich old spinster who died at Newton, N. H., lately left $38,419. She was all her life getting ready to be married and had stored up 182 sheets, 63 coverlids, 50 blankets, 27 beds with 1120 lbs. of feathers, 54 towels, 24 table covers and 42 handkerchiefs, while the whole amount of her wearing apparel did not exceed ten dollars in value.

And did not get married *after all*! What a pitty!

Premature Marriages.

Marriage is a divine and beautiful arrangement. It was designed by Providence as the blending of two spirits into one—the masculine representing *wisdom*, and the feminine *affection*. When there is a true spiritual affinity between the two, then the design is accomplished. Such an affinity, we believe, may continue in the other life equally as in this.

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times; and it would not be a bad idea, in these days of reforms, if an Anti-marrying-in a hurry Society were institated. Now-a-days, people leap into the magic lite circle with no more consideration than they would partake of a dinner—little thinking that, when once in, they are there until their end comes. There is little, sometimes no mutual analysis of disposition, and composition of tastes and affections. They seem to fancy that, if there are discrepancies, the fatal gordian knot, which can be seldom cut, and never untied, will harmonize all.

The number who have felt this truth—the number still feeling it to the heart's core—is incalculable. They recognize it as the great mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silken one, but a cable of iron, that tightens around them more and more, crushing out all hopes and energy, substituting hate for love, and eating out, with its rust, the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls now marry to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting until they become full grown and matured men and women. The young dandy, as soon as he gets out of short jackets, and finds a little *fuz* gathering on his upper lip—and the young miss, as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frocks—think they are well qualified to assume the most solemn responcibilities of life. And so, if 'Pa" and "Ma" don't consent, they post off to some Gretna Green, and there take obligations that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will never cease bitterly to repent.

Marriage should never be the result of *fancy*. The ball room and the evening party rarely develop real character. Under the exhilarating influence of the dance, the glare of lights, and the merry quip and joke, the dissolute young man may appear amiable, and the slatternly scold loveable. Matches made at such places, and under such circumstances, are not of that class that originate in heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposition place, and bring forth only iniquity. The true way to learn each other is to do it at home, in the parlor, in the kitchen, and on occasions that test the temper. We see the result of these unequal unions in the almost daily divorces that are taking place—in the running away of husbands, leaving their wives and children to starve—and in the elopment of wives. Not only this, but we witness it in broken-spirited men, made old in the prime of life, struggling on for mere food and clothing and shelter, and in woman, cross, dirty, sluttish and wrinkled.

It would be quite impossible for us to depict faithfully the multitude of physical and moral evils that result from these sinful alliances—for *sinful* they are. They ruin the body, corrupt the morals, and stultify the mind. And the result does not stop with husband and wife. There are the children! They partake of the feebleness and vice of the parents, both physical and moral, and go out into the busy world stunted and gnarled. God pity them!

We would not be understood as speaking against the institution of marriage. It is holy, beautiful and beneficient. But let every one take his *mate* or none. Let not the brave eagle pair with the stupid owl, nor the gentle dove with the carrion crow. Like should have like. It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms and basked in the sunshine of life together go hand in-hand, loving and truthfully, down the gentle declivity of time, with no angers of jealousies or hatreds garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they, too, shall be one forever. That is true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. There love is woven into a woof of gold, neither time, nor death, nor eternity can sever.—*Portland Electic.*

Wearing The Beards.

A fair correspondent of *The Home Journal* has the following sensible remarks on the wholesome habit of wearing the beard, which has lately come into fashion:

"It is astonishing what change a few years has wrought in regard to shaving. Once, everybody shaved, but now, I much mistake, if every gentleman has not found to shave or not to shave, a question suggested by his morning toilet. Alas for the razor strop man. His occupation is nearly gone. I hope he will succeed in finding another, for the present generation will be a bearded race.

"I was quite interested last Winter in reading a "Natural History of the Human Species," by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, in which he states that the bearded races are the conquering races. For this reason the beardless races are averse to the union with them. This aversion he states to be the result of experience, proving the superior activity of those who have sprung from such races. Jenghis, Timur and Nadir Shah, were directly, or in their ancestry, descended from Caucasian mothers, and hence, also, the jealous exclusion of European women from China. The progressive nations, he tells us, are a bearded and hairy race. Sampson's strength lay in his hair. Bereft of that his mighty power was gone. The lion is king of the forest. How much of his proud beauty he owes to his magnificent mane. Shave him, and he is king no longer.

"I cannot imagine why a beard is given to man, unless it is to try his patience, if he is to spend his time in a daily cutting it off, as it daily asserts its right to a manifested existence. The beard is an emblem of manly power and dignity, and is certainly an element of manly beauty. The father of the Faithful and all the old Patriarchs and Prophets wore a beard; so did our Savior, when he dwelt as man among the hills of Judea. So, too, most of the venerable divines who have transmitted to us their schemes of theology. It is a modern innovation to shave off the whole beard. It was not common before the commencement of the last century. Moses forbade the Jews to mar the corners of the beard, and David, when his Embassadors were insulted by Hanau's shaving off one-half their beards, permitted them to tarry at Jericho till their beards had grown.

"While the beard properly worn, is an ornament, it is sometimes rendered hideous by the manner in which it is trimmed. A round mass of bristles on the chin is never becoming, yet sometimes thin checked, long-faced gentlemen elongate their countenances in this way; often these tufts impart a low, animal expression; they never confer dignity nor beauty. Some few are greatly improved by full whiskers, others by a moustache. Some look best with the beard trimmed rather close. It requires an artist's eye to decide on what is most becoming Nature leaves a varying outline to the beard which is more perfect than any semi-circle cut by the razor.

"Perhaps you may think I have wandered from my proper sphere in writing about beards. I had no idea of doing so when I commenced this letter; you must charge it all to the snow-storm. I must leave the subject of ladies' dress for another day.

"Yours, &c., "ANNA HOPE."

A Lesson to Reformers.

Great is the strength of an individual soul, true to its high trust—mighty is it, even to the redemption of a world.

A German, whose sense of sound was exceedingly acute, was passing by a church, a day or two after he had landed in this country, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a nasal psalmody, sang in the most discordant fashion— and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air, and leave the hated sound behind him. "But this, too, I fear to do," said he, "lest offence might be given; I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume; when lo! I distinguished amid the din the soft clear voice of a woman singing in a perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed—but patiently and sweetly she sung, in full rich tones—one after another yielded to the gentle influence; and before the tune was finished all were in perfect harmony."

I have often thought of this story, as conveying an instructive lesson to reformers. The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest, as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft voice, amid the braying of the multitude; and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be forced into perfect tune. But this were a pitiful experiment; the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult.

Strongly and more frequently comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to to the end, singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loved acquiesence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing submission, the free discord of a single voice.

This is the hardest and the bravest task which a true soul has to perform amid the clashing elements of time. But once has it been done perfectly, unto the end; and that Voice—so clear in its meekness—is it heard above all the din of a tumultuous world; one after another chimes in with its patient sweetness; and through infinite discords, the listening soul can perceive that the great tune is slowly coming into harmony.—*Mrs Child.*

Scene in the Cars.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

An elderly woman with a grand-child, of perhaps ten months, was in the seat in front of me.—She had a pale worn, thin face, such as women get who bring up a family under the many hindrances of care and poverty. Her looks and dress were respectable—her small hands brown and distorted by toil. Her whole appearance was such as we so often see—patient, enduring; a simple adherance to her little round of toils and duties: the whole story of women in her present compressed aspect.

"Your ticket, madam," said the conductor.

She had none, but she showed a letter from her son—her baggage should be held by the company, and her fare would be paid at the end of her journey.

"Your baggage madam, may have its value to you but to me is nothing. I am only an agent; I have no authority to take you through upon any such terms."

All this was very proper; the man had his duty to perform to his employers. He told her he must put her ashore at the next station. Our poor woman looked aghast. She could not blame the officer; but she was away from all friends, and knew not what to do. There was a deal of *proud* silence about her, that struck me. Women have so little money, are so dependent, have so little romance. A few words, however, spoken to the conductor, sufficed to enlist his sympathies.

"Yes, he would take her as far as his own line went, and then, madam, I leave you to get through the rest of the way."

This was manly, and the conditions not difficult. All day that matron of sixty winters kept her seat uncomplainingly, soothing the irritations of the child and looking the same calm look of endurance. *She ate nothing*—women have so little money—the child was tenderly fed; but she who would have been more tenderly cared for—she, with her gray hairs and devoted heart, sat all day, silent and uncared for. Pride, womanly pride, induced her to decline courtesies, which she declared she did not need. I fear me that the son who was to receive her, and of whom she seemed so fondly proud, was inconsiderate, if not culpable, for he should have saved her from a position so annoying. The conductors upon the rest of the route, treated her with equal good nature, and I have no doubt were rewarded for their forbearance, as the parties to whom she referred seemed to be well known in the vicinity where she stopped.

Sufferings of a Wife.

THOMAS ASHTON; JR.—Died on Friday, the 1st inst., at the residence of his mother, in this city. Thomas Ashton, Jr. son of Thomas and Margaret Ashton, formerly of Charlton on Madlock, Manchester, England. Disease—dropsy on the brain, succeeding scarlet fever.

The above named deceased was the youngest of two sons, the only children of Mr. and Mrs, Ashton. Many months ago, we gave some account of the trials of Mrs. Ashton, in coming to this country with her children in search of her husband—of her finding him married here—of her being cast into jail at the instance of the other wife—of the settlement of the difficulty by Mr. Ashton pledging himself to go West with his real wife and children, there to settle and behave himself—how, when they got to Cincinnati, he contrived to get possession of what money she had scraped together in England, (he had already squandered a portion of her little fortune on the second wife) and taking the eldest son, abandoned her—how she hunted for him in the West, then came hither, when we learned her case and wrote a paragraph which found out Mr. Ashton's whereabouts—how we procured from the Erie Railroad Company free passage to and fro, and over the lakes, until she recovered her son—how she returned hither, and soon learned of the murder of her husband in Virginia—at any rate, the editor of the Fredericksburg *News*, to whom we wrote, on her account, a minute description of Mr. Ashton, replied to us that we precisely described the murdered man—how Mrs. Ashton then returned to England with her youngest son, (the elder being left in a law office here) and had completed arrangements for him in the "Blue Coat School," when it was ascertained that her husband was still living. This broke up the school plan. She then returned hither with her son, since which time she has led a life of destitution, suffering and sorrow, just crowned with weeds by the death of her youngest child. She is a lady of entire respectability—of which she has the amplest vouchers. What must her husband be—a brute, a demon!—*N. Y. Mirror.*

GOOD FOR EVIL.—An old man, of the name of Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles in France. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry, and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought that he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace pursued him, wherever he appeared, with hootings and execrations; and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. In his will were found the following words:

"Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored, the whole of my life, to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use.

AN OREGON WOMAN.—A correspondent of the "National Era" tells the following story of the heroism of a woman in Oregon.

"One act of heroism, on the part of a Mrs. Harris, deserves to be recorded: The family were attacked by Indians, who had previously been friendly. As they neared the house, Mr. Harris, seeing their savage looks, began to close the door, when he was shot and fell. Mrs. Harris shut the door, and barred it. She then took the gun and a revolver, and receiving directions how to load, from her wounded husband, shot from the window and cracks of the house, keeping the Indians at bay, until she found a chance to escape to the brush, where she remained with her child, until found by a party of soldiers. Volunteers are now in the field, and have a skirmish every few days, but cannot get a fair fight."

From the Mansfield Express.

I Have'nt Time Now.

"Can you pay me something to night?"

"No, sir; I haven't time now; you must wait."

There it is; *you must wait*! you cannot be paid your wages to-day; this man of wealth has not time to attend to such things now; he is making a few dollars—it may be a few cents only—so never mind if you do want your money to buy necessaries for your family. *"You must wait!"* You have worked hard, and honestly earned the money due you. Your family, perhaps, are in want, and you have no other means to obtain money except by your own labor; but what of all that?—This man's time is of more consequence—according to his story—than the wants of yourself and family. His table is loaded with the luxuries of life, while yours lacks even the necessaries. But you must wait, he hasn't time now.

Reader, did you ever tell a man, after he had worked hard for you, and then asked you for hi pay, that he must wait? And if you have did you ever think of the consequence? Just look at it! The laborer lives by the sweat of his brow. He has, oftentimes nothing but what he earns with his own hands. His family must be supported, and undoubtedly he wants his wages to purchase necessaries, the very hour he asks you for it. There may be the wife and the little ones at home, waiting anxiously for his return with something to satisfy their hunger or cover their shivering limbs. You may not have known stern, unflinching *want*; you may have never been compelled to go home to those you loved, and tell them that you could not get your pay, that your employer had not time to attend to it and that he said you must wait, and that too, after you had labored hard and expected the reward of that labor. We hope, in one sense, that you have not, but if you could once travel in the hard worn paths of the poor it might be of some advantage to them.

While your table is loaded and groans under the fat of the land, the laborer's often lacks the actual necessaries. While you are clothed in warm garments, the poor laborer's limbs are benumbed with cold. While you can sit by the warm fire and look out upon the drifting snow, the laborer is driven, by necessity, to toil in the cold and endure as best he can the keen, cutting blasts of winter. Then should he *wait*?

We remember reading in a book, too much neglected, something about the subject under consideration; and have thought when we read that and many similar things, that if mankind would only follow a few more of the plain practical precepts and commands, instead of indulging in fruitless contentions concerning particular views and doctrines, the result of which will never affect mankind, let that result be as it may, that there would be a great deal more good done than there now is. But never mind that now; we were speaking of the laborer and his hard earned wages, and of what we remembered reading; and here it is:—"Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him: the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." How now about your not having time? Don't excuse yourself by saying that you had too much business, or that he could wait as well as not, the former is your own fault, and the latter you know nothing about. "The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning."

Pay, then, the laborer. You have no right to keep what belongs to him. He has earned it, and the use of it does not belong to you.

Inhumanity of Rumsellers.

"Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

The N. Y. *Tribune* says: the facts detailed below have been some time in our possession; in fact they were published at the time in a Long Island paper, but it appeared so impossible that any human being lived on earth so void of humanity, notwithstanding he was a rumseller, that we hesitated to believe the damning tale until personally assured of its truth by one of the sufferers. We now print the account, that every man who reads the name of such a wretch may learn to hate it—that every woman may pity every other woman who is the victim of a rumseller's or rumdrinker'scruelty—that every child may learn to think how the traffic debases human nature, and learn that nearly every similar act of inhumanity and cruelty to children comes from the use of rum as a beverage.

On the day of the second furious snow storm in January, two brothers by the name of Prime, of Huntington, L. I., with two ladies and their two young children, started in a sleigh from Brooklyn to go home one Saturday afternoon. The storm was so furious that it delayed their progress, and night overtook them before they had accomplished their journey; and when they reached Westbury, finding it dangerous to proceed without the greatest risk of life, and, in fact, with their tired horses, almost impossible to get along amid the storm and darkness, they proceeded to a country tavern kept by one Wm. Layton for the purpose of getting entertainment for the remainder of the night. The landlord came to the door, and enquired who was there, and what was wanted? They told him their names and their pitiful condition; but as soon as he learned who they were, and knowing them well as strong advocates of temperance, he closed the door in their faces.

They now appealed to his cupidity by offering any amount of money that he might charge to open his house and save them from their perishing condition, but their appeals were in vain. They then appealed to his humanity to let the women and children have shelter and the men would take their chance in the storm. They might as well have appealed to the north-east wind that was chilling them to death. What was to be done? The horses refused to go further—They could not in the storm and darkness, find their way to any other house where human beings would admit them to their fireside, and not like brutes close their hearts and home to humanity, and the appeals of women and children for shelter.

As a last resort they managed to get the horse and sleigh under an open shed, somewhat sheltered from the wind, and all huddled together under the buffalo skins, counting the chilly hours of that dreadful night, trying to keep each other awake and alive till daylight, and each fearing that morning might show that some one had gone from the chill of a living death to the chill of reality.—What if one of these persons had perished there by the door of this inhuman monster, who had refused them admittance solely because they would not drink his poison, or countenance him in administering the seeds of death to his neighbors. Would he not have been guilty of murder? Just as criminally so as he would have been if he had shot them dead upon his door-step. How many of the advocates of temperance will such conduct of a rumseller win to approve the rumseller's trade?

Not only the man himself will be abhorred by every man, woman and child who reads this story, but the traffic that brutalizes a man to such a degree that he can be guilty of such vindictive brutality, will become more and more odious to a reading and thinking community.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

"This is my Home."

"This is my home," cried a little one, a treasured boy of four summers, as fresh and rosy he came in from school at the close of a short winter afternoon.

"Indeed, little Willie," said his mother's visitor, "how is it? Suppose now you go out on the sidewalk, and try the next door. Suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack as you have done here, and proceed to the parlor, wouldn't that be your home?"

"No, indeed," said Willie, "that wouldn't be it."

"But tell me, why not?"

Willie had never thought of this. He paused for a moment, then directing his eyes to the sofa where his mother sat quietly sewing, he replied with an earnest gesture, *"she lives here."*

Yes, dear Willie, wisely have you spoken; she, the embodiment of your idea of a constant loving presence, is here, and that makes *home*. Make as free as you will, young monarch, of the manifold privileges involved in this one little word, you have based your claim firmly; because *she lives here*, therefore are you sure of a constant flow of gentle and protecting love. But your infant wisdom has awakened other thoughts, which we would fain indulge.

Long ago did the great Teacher assure his followers of this his settled purpose, "That where I am, there ye may be also." As if he had said, in tones suggestive of a love beyond mortal thought, "In my presence at last shall your spirits find rest. Wanderers you may have been, afar from peace and blessedness and God, but coming back to your Father's House, you shall abide forevermore at *home*."

Yes, even as this trusting child hails this spot as his home, by reason of the presence of one whom he confidingly loves, so, on similar grounds, does the believer in Jesus Christ enter upon his heavely inheritance. "Because I live ye shall live also." From the fact of this life and blessedness does not that of his followers flow as a direct consequence? Life, immortal life, is theirs, on grounds that cannot possibly be wrenched away. What power in the universe can break the union that God himself hath willed? Again, as if to ratify the claim in words that cannot be misunderstood, the Eternal Sun declares to our astonished ears, "As the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you."

The Days of Queen Mary.

The following description of the idea and manners of the age of Queen Mary, of England, we take from *Blackwood*. Read it, and say if you can, that the world has not advanced in morals and intelligence:

"To give only one or two instances of the manners and ideas of the age in which Queen Mary's lot was cast. It is generally known that Henry VIII. put seventy-two thousand persons, of all religious persuasions, to death on the scaffold, during his single reign: but it is not equally well known that his daughter Elizabeth had an array of three hundred heads of persons, convicted of high treason, placed on London Bridge, including those of her cousin and friend Norfolk and her favorite romantic lover Essex; and so far from being shocked at the ghastly array, she took the foreign ambassador to see it, in order to show "how we serve traitors in England." Protestant historians have recouutered with just indignation, that the bloody Mary cast two hundred and forty men women and children into the flames during her brief and atrocious reign; but they have not equally prominently brought forward, that a greater number of Catholic Priests and partizans were, by her Protestant successor, secretly racked to the utmost limits which human frame can endure, in that awful scene of human agony, the Tower of London.

"After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the ladies of the Court of Paris went out to examine the long rows of the bodies of the Hugenot cavaliers who had been slain during the tumult, and curiously turned them over when helf stripped of their garments, said to each other—'This must have been a charming lover; that was not worth looking at,'

"And when the fantastic assassin Ravillie was brought out into the Square of Louvre, to undergo during four hours the most frightful tortures which human ingenuity or malignity could devise, or humanity could endure, the whole ladies of the Court of Paris assembled to witness the spectacle, as high prices were given for the best places on the street eading to St. Paul's on the approaching occa-

sion as when the first and noblest of Britain attended her greatest hero to his last resting place.

"It is perhaps the most difficult thing in surveying the annals of the past, to bring ourselves to conceive how human beings could, in any age, under any circumstances, have been brought to lend themselves to such barbarities. But nothing is more certain than that the greatest and best did so; they deemed that they were doing God's service when so engaged. Witness Sir Thomas Moore flogging a prisoner with his own hands in his garden, to convert him from heresy. If we are wise and just, we will judge of those who lived in those savage times according to the measure of the ideas with which they were surrounded, and not our own; and reflect with deeper thankfulness on our happier lot, when subjects are not called to undergo such sacrifices in their duty to their sovereign, and the Queen on the throne can exhibit the spirit of her Plantagenet forefathers, and the graces of her Stuart ancestors, without being exposed to the terrible trials which either underwent.

From the Ladies' Euterprise.

LITTLE MARIE.

BY REBECCA.

"O marm," said Betty one morning, as she rushed into my room where I sat at work upon the little toeless stockings that lay in a basket on my table, "O marm! I've broken the big lamp that stands on the table in the parlor and spilled the oil all over the new carpet!"

"Why, Betty," I said, laying down my work, "how could you have done it?"

"O! I feel so bad," she replied, sobbing like a child, "but I'll work for you long enough to pay for it all."

Seeing Betty so sorry, I had no heart to reprove her for her carelesness, so I replied:

"It was an accident, Betty, but get some soap and water and we'll see what we can do towards wiping the oil up."

While we were at work, in came little Willie with the skirt of his frock half torn off.

"O! mother," he said, "please mend my frock now, so I can go and play horse with Sammy Brooks."

"Why, Willie," I said, "you must have been very careless!"

"No mother, I wan't careless a bit; Sammy did it, trying to put me through the hedge."

"And sure marm," said Bridget, as she put her head in at the door, "Mr. Lark has just sent word home that Mr. Eaton of New York, will dine with ye's to day, and what on earth am I to do marm? There's nothing in the house for dinner, but cold meat and cold pudding. I was going to have picked up dinner to clear up the bits, and it only wants an hour of dinner time."

"Well, Bridget, I'll be in the kitchen soon," and giving Betty directions how to proceed, I rose to follow the anxious cook.

"Please mother mend my frock," pleaded Willie, as I left the room.

"No Willie, not now. Betty will change it when she is at liberty."

"I can't play horse in my other frock, cause there aint no pockets to put my hands in, and horses don't have hands—please mother—"

"No Willie," I replied, "you go to the nursery and wait until Betty finishes her work."

Willie started up stairs, sobbing as he went, that Sammy wouldn't wait, and I went into the kitchen thinking there never was a housekeeper who had so many cares and perplexities as I—the more help I had, it seemed to me, the more I had to do. I was vexed with Mr. Lark that he hadn't been to the office to find a trusty girl to fill Betty's place, when I had spoken to him about it more than a week before. If he had done as I requested, my new carpet would not have been ruined, and in no very pleasant mood I went about preparing a pudding for dinner, while Bridget went to market.

"Mother," said little Marie as she came into the kitchen with a handful of wild flowers, "just see these splendid flowers, I wish I knew how God painted them so beautifully."

"Yes, they are very beautiful," I replied, as I gazed at them indifferently, and turned to my pudding.

"How good God is mother," she continued, "to give us flowers, and trees, and birds and everything. I love God just as well as I do you and father, and I suppose I ought to love him better, hadn't I? Because he gave me my father and mother."

"Yes, Marie," I replied in a gentle tone.

"What is the matter, mother," she asked as she leoked up in my face. "You look very tired. I wish I was a big lady and could help you."

My conscience whispered "very impatient" but I replied with gentle feelings:

"Yes, Marie, I have a great many cares, but when you are older perhaps you can relieve me of some."

"I certainly will, mother; and I'm going now to gather you some more flowers, they are so beautiful, they will make you forget your work," and she glided out of the room.

"What," I asked myself, "are my cares and perplexities compared with the love of that gentle, innocent child?" She saw beauty and love in everything around her, and her little heart was overflowing with thankfulness to the giver, and I who was placed as her protector, or guide and direct her little mind to high and holy thoughts, was allowing myself to be harrassed by the petty cares and annoyances of life! I blushed when I thought of it!

I kept at my work with a lighter heart, and happier feelings, resolving in future to cultivate a spirit that would enable me better to discharge the duties of a parent. And it was of a little child of five summers that I learned this lesson. Surely "of such are the kingdom of heaven."

Drink less with your Meals.

One great error that we commit is that we drink too much at our meals. Before we have sufficiently masticated and insalivated our food to enable us to swallow it, we force it down by taking water or warm drinks. This not only dilutes the saliva, but weaking the action of the gastric juice after the food gets into the stomach. Most persons take a swallow of fluid with almost every mouthful of food. Look along the side of a dinner table in any one of our hotels, and you will be surprised at the quantities which are drunk during a meal; and if your mind be not too much taken up by observing the errors of others, you may discover the same error in yourself, and thus be led to correct it. This habit sooner or later ends in dyspepsia and constipation, than which, there is no affection more destructive of comfort and health.—When we are thirsty at our meals or at other times, we should drink to allay thirst only.—All solid food should be thoroughly ground and mixed with the saliva of the mouth.—Unaided and undiluted by water or other drinks. Rely upon it, this apparent necessity for drinking is a mere habit which we can correct at will, and all who prize health at its true value will not consider its preservation or purchase too high at the cost of attention to so simple a matter.

In this age of tobacco smoking and chewing the salivary gands seem to be turned to a new office—that of cleansing this filthy narcotic from the gums and teeth. Were they endowed with language verily might they exclaim—

"To what vile uses have we come at last."

Who can wonder at the hollow and wan cheeks of mankind, when such a continuous drain is established on them—a kind of perpetual catarrh or lachrymosis of the mouth. Take warning by what we say. If you would have good digestion, proper action of the system, and full ruby cheeks, eat slower, masticate your food better, drink less at your meals and when you smoke, if you must, avoid spitting as much as possible. The latter have a two-fold reason for observing our last injunction; they will save, at the same time, their own health and the *feelings of their friends.*

A Touching Scene.—A correspondent of the Elmira Republican says that in a recent trip over the New York and Erie Railroad, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was traveling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mild-eyed as an autumn sky, and as delicate as the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers as delicate and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. Touchingly beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car window she turned to her mother, saying: "Mother, I am weary—when shall we get home?" After a time she fell into a slumber, and awakening suddenly—a radiant smile overspread her features—she exclaimed, pointing upward—"Mother—there is papa!—home at last!" and expired. It was yet many weary miles to the mother's home, but the angels, pitying the little sufferer, gathered her to the paradise of innocence.

Inventions.—A lady in Paris has discovered a process for liquifying ivory, and casting it in moulds. A photographist has also discovered a method for fixing on any canvass prepared for oil painting a likeness of the size of life, so that all an artist needs to do, is to ask one sitting of the person who desires his portrait, and the portrait may be completed at leisure. A Frenchman has obtained a patent for making paper from the stalks of the artichoke and the stalks of the sunflower. They are said to make a beautiful quality of paper

A Decided Hit.—A member of the North Carolina Legislature, made a decidedly good 'hit' a short time ago. A bill was pending which imposed a fine for selling liquor to free Negroes, to which he objected, on the ground that "such a law would make them more decent than the Whites."

☞ A man discovered America, but woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere—man executes the performances, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.